

# The Auburn Circle

Vol. 26 Issue 1 Auburn's General Interest Magazine

Fall  
1999

AC





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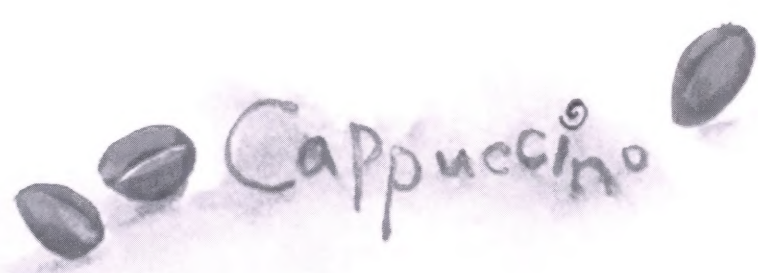
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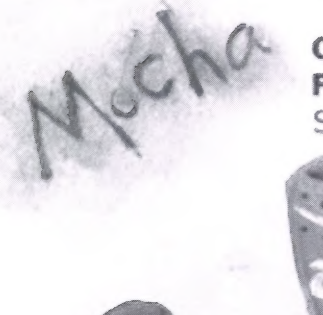
#### Fall Hours!

**Auburn** Saturday, Sunday & Monday 7am to 2pm  
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**Opelika** Monday thru Friday 7:30am to 4pm  
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## Cappuccino



## Mocha



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Letter from the Editor:

Thanks to the staff of  
the *Auburn Circle*  
who have worked  
hard to gather  
submissions  
and promote  
recognition of  
the magazine.

There are a lot  
of changes this  
year, and I hope  
everyone enjoys  
what we've done.

Sincerely,  
Stephanie Wilson,  
Editor

All art work should be submitted as a finished photograph, color or black and white.

Create

Prose, poetry, essays, and  
articles should be typed,  
if possible.

Tell a story

Recite a poem

Believe in what you do

Slides will be accepted. Submissions will be returned on request.

The Circle is a community publication financed through Student Activity fees.

Express Yourself

Read

Write

Expand your mind

The  
Auburn Circle  
**welcomes**  
work from  
students,  
staff,  
alumni,  
and supporters  
of the publication.

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D. Brooke King is a senior majoring in fine arts. She says that the best advice she can give is to "figure out exactly what it is that you get up in the morning for, then do that the best you can even if that means that you sacrifice some of the leisure of your love."

Untitled  
Amy M. Marquis

There he lies forever  
that same look for eternity  
A peaceful sleep we would presume  
has come across his marble tomb  
That last glance I did not make  
I feared to see his lifeless face  
Only one last touch did I take  
of his lovely cherry wood case  
All the people and love that came  
to bid farewell with "what a shame"  
He must have been even more special than I claim  
for enormous was the crowd that came  
People spoke of times in the past  
and how it seems to go so fast  
To leave us so young made me bitter and sad  
and even though I knew he was with God it made me mad  
To look around and see such small lives lasting forever  
when a wonderful man was taken from myself and others  
I hope you see at least a little in me  
of the man I proclaim to be  
My loving Father ...  
may he rest in peace.

5



Untitled  
Cory Neil

Jamie Blalock is a senior in fine arts, concentrating in sculpture. He graduated from high school with a guy who's stepsister, who graduated high school with Jamie's sister, said she was related to Elvis. Jamie was very upset when he heard that the movie Superstar flopped, and he was disgusted that the lottery didn't pass. He was, however, happy about Sunday alcohol sales being passed.

If the militants had pinwheels  
i n s t e a d o f g u n s ,  
The world would be nicer,  
and we'd all have more fun.

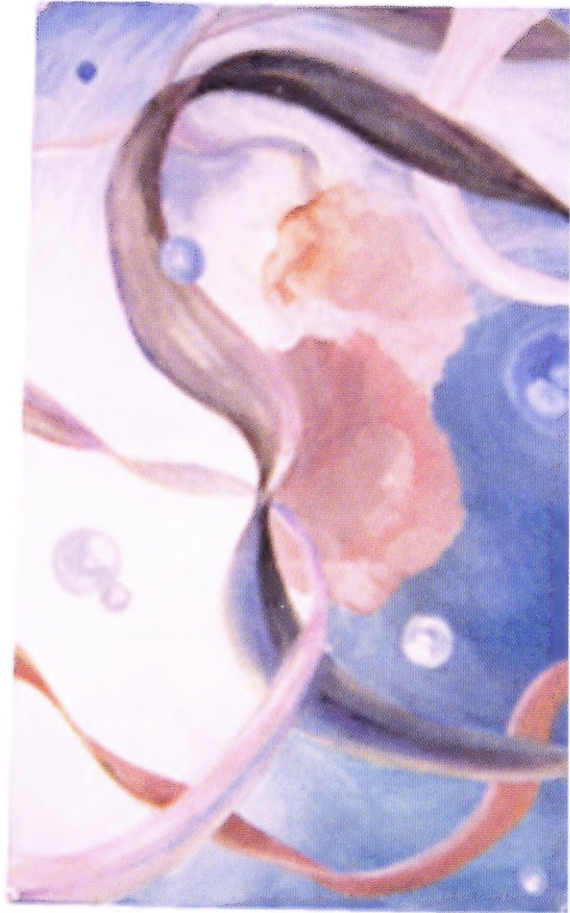
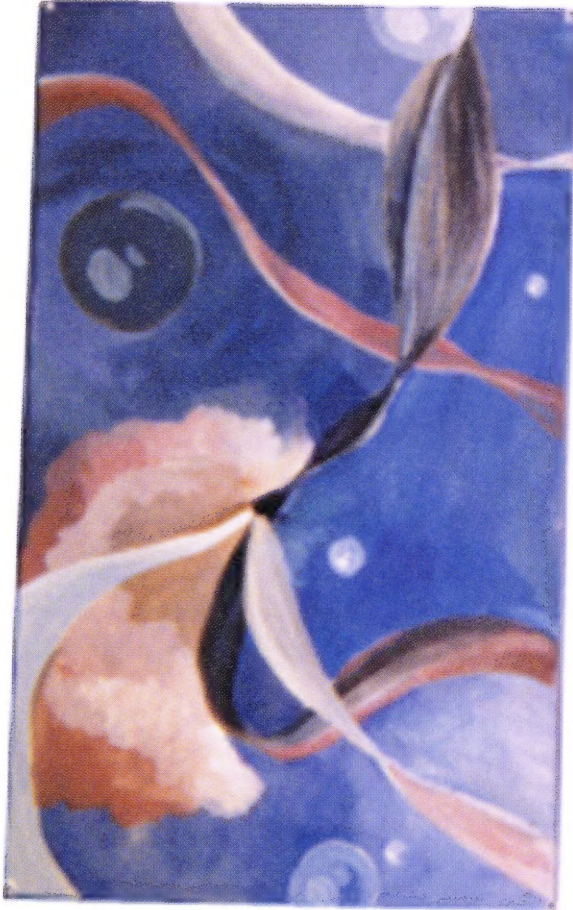
No one would worry,  
'bout men armed with spinners,  
Heck, we might even,  
invite them to dinner.

And if militants had bubbles,  
i n s t e a d o f g r e n a d e s ,  
We'd all cheer them on,  
maybe throw a parade.

They'd play with the kids,  
teach them cool bubble things,  
like how they can fly,  
without any wings.

But that's not the way,  
things are now-a-days  
so let's all live it up,  
while some time still remains.





Erin Fitzhugh  
is a senior  
majoring in  
fine arts.

# Malachite Sunbird and Red Dwarf Star

Owen Elmore

Chris and I were friends, so I set out for town at the final school bell. Mohale's Hoek, one of the ten dark-spot camp-towns in the light-circle of pacific, Boer-unwanted mountains named The Kingdom of Lesotho, just across the western border of South Africa's Orange Free State, was opposite the climate sharpened Mountain of Snakes, a high and stolid impediment to the Western value of mastering time by eradicating circuitous distance.

But I had been in Peace Corps for one year, and had months before ceased praying for the white, white-bearded Man to drop down to me His boring machines; indeed, had not only ceased it but had begun to believe, unpractically, in the ancient obstacle's right and ability to preserve its secret granite heart, to have faith that its so far un-penetrated sublimity might always keep unsublimated, holding its hidden mysteries tight against any eventual techno-phallic danger.

8 Up at the mountain-side, superior to where I hunkered on high rocks, watchful of a fortuitous lift, the turquoise sparrows flitted—the malachite sunbirds -- speeding, livid motes sounding in a sky of broad blue: the tiny green satellites of God soaring over this mythic earth of irregular maize squares and fluffy balls of white sheep floating like land-clouds through scrubby dung-and-thatch hut-dotted foothills.

The sun had passed down by about one half of itself in that endless revelation of the sunbirds, until the rattle I preserved the glaring spectacle of the Great Mother for floated up from the distant valley: the unmistakable jangle sound of a motor vehicle jostled itself up the cruel, sharp-stoned road that by some unseen design inexorably cut a jagged path around the Mountain of Snakes and on into camp.

I lifted myself up and out of the sheep-dung and squinted into the Mother's squintingly-bright African light, picking out the mechanical reflection of the Coming of Man: someone I knew: a rare truck owner from below. I watched the contraption rumble closer, then close to me. I put out my hand. Grinned.

The drive was pleasant, the driver not yet drunk; I spent my time thinking about Chris. His painful two years were done, at last and thank God; ended were his tribulations. Sometimes it happens that way: sometimes the politics of Peace Corps overwhelm the mission, and a slot is filled that should not have been. A relative of a ruling general dreams up a spurious Farmer's Training

Center, a pretend institution to fool the givers of development money into giving over even more development money. It works, because no one really cares where the money goes, whose pocket it lines. The important thing is that it goes, that voters in the Netherlands and Denmark and Belgium see their money drifting into countries that appear, geographically, to be struggling against Apartheid. Chris was unlucky enough to have been an American political pawn in this vein- a sacrifice given over to the god of political expediency.

The coat of idealism wrapping a new Peace Corps Volunteer can be as thick as, say, black Africa's immunity to the dangerous self-absorbed lunacy Western countries are legendary for, but only much more susceptible to disintegration beneath the West's excremental blunderings. Chris, however, was neither immune to nor prepared for the toxic dropping of his very own people's disease-ridden shit, shit which -- so long as he lived at the business end, at home in consumptive America -- Chris had no notion could be so stifling, so stagnating.

Early on Chris had decided he would, eventually, give some shit back. Since this decision he did no more work for the general; what he did was prop himself within the tomb of his tiny house at the bogus training center madly layering canvas after canvas with oil-based paint. And now the day before the day to fly away back home had come, and shit-hung Chris had rented the conference room at the Maloti Mountain Hotel in Mohale's Hoek to hang this mad-work for exhibition and sale.

Peace Corps strictly forbade Volunteers making money, but the rule assumed profit made off host-country nationals, which were not Chris' target consumers. No, his marks were the white South Africans, the Norwegians, the Swedes— all those leeches in Lesotho under the guise of helping-the-natives-help-themselves while in reality only helping themselves help themselves to huge helpings of home-county tax-payer money, payment for looking the other way as local army-suits packed with Orwellian swine shoveled the rest into their deep pockets.

In the truck, I couldn't help smiling. Although my own work as teacher was slightly less soul-deadening than my escaping colleague's, my cynicism was up enough to be able to enjoy Chris' evening plans. I looked forward to the festivities.



\* \* \*

Setting down in Mohale's Hoek, I paused for a take-out dinner of deep-fried goo, eating on my way. The hotel was elaborate considering the poverty of the country, run by a family of "white Basotho," Afrikaners so long in country milking the aid-money god they were considered nationals. The hotel had tennis courts, a swimming pool, a European restaurant (of the overly-meaty, off-continent style of the transplanted Dutch) and two heavily stocked if heavily tack-ified bars. Each day, every day, whites glided in and out of the guarded gate in the hermetically sealed Mercedes', getting themselves together socially, finding uninteresting ways to spend their generous amounts of free-time and money.

It was with a mouthful of greasy-thick chips and fat cakes that I crossed over the threshold into the transmogrified hotel conference room. Chris was out but his soul was in; I stood amidst their glow of oily color, contemplating their ironies. The whites I had spoke of: they had allowed Chris to do this. He had been bestowed the crippled status of "Artist,"

and thus allowed eccentricity. They even went so far as to acknowledge him in greeting now and then, whereas most of us dusty Volunteers get nothing from them but closed-mouth, distant stares, telegraphed out from behind the glass of their silvery, air-conditioned cars, which are always slipping away on clouds of dust in the flash of an instant.

Still, Chris was watched carefully, living as he did amongst the blacks; he was watched to make certain he continued along in his failure to help them. Observing the failure of an idealist was a great comfort to them, as it is to most of us. That Chris was an Artist made him a double failure, and thus a double comfort, doubly salving-over their refusal to face collective hypocrisies and fears.

Teetering in the conference room, buffeted by the failure around: I was astonished. Partitions moonlighted as gallery hangers, indifferently displaying at least forty different works, ranging in size from palm to refrigerator. Very few images were recognizable, and because they were bottomless I had trouble locating anything in me when I gazed at them. Only cramping pains behind my eyes resulted from bouncing off the shapes I could define...

Okay, so Chris had been a failure as a Peace Corps Volunteer -- and, maybe (I truly don't know) as an artist. But that was all part of it. Chris created from the very deep pain inside, pictured-out his darkness and anger with a purposeful brush. This seemed, and still seems,

a good thing to me, and I can think of nothing more proper than a revenge-gathering to celebrate and pass on such an aching birth. These people that were coming; they were the midwives to this misshapen sacrifice, and they would be its permanent guardians by the end of the night.

Suddenly, from behind me: "Hullo!"

Chris was at the sliding glass, holding a box of wine in each of his hands -- the popular, fun way to sell wine in South Africa. Then children burst from around and between his legs, hauling more boxes. He smiled hugely, showing a mouthful of teeth. His long hair was washed, I noticed, considerably awed, and his beard bushier than usual, a darker brown than his hair. As usual were his paint-stained jeans, the denim-weave only barely hanging together anymore, and his frayed gray wool sweater.

"What are you eating?" he demanded of me, the children washing back out through him on some other errand, a laughing tide of brown.

"Chips and *makuenea*," I admitted defensively.

Mocking disappointment, he shook his head.

"Why is it everything you eat is the same color?"

"A low luminosity star with a long nuclear lifetime, red dwarfs are the faintest and closest stars, so faint that their presence in remote parts of the Galaxy must be inferred from their frequency near the Sun." -- McGraw-Hill 9

"Leave me alone," I told him. "You only see me in camp; I eat well enough in the village."

He shrugged and smiled again, really too excited to pursue it. "Help me with these," he said.

We loaded his wine onto card tables and, one after the other, let out and circumcised the rubberized serving mechanisms; each squirted forth a surprised bit of different colored juice.

Soon the child-tide washed back in, this time carrying bread loaves.

"What are you up to with the bread?"

"Feeding," he said.

\* \* \*

Soon darkness came to Africa. The whites followed it closely, as hyena do. First came the British, followed by the "white Basotho," then, somewhat more warily, the Fins and Danes and Germans and etc. Soon the room was full, the wine being swallowed and, to my surprise, hunks of the bread being torn away and devoured.

The gathering gradually grew warm, electric. I sat, gazing out from behind my little table, my small money box, and a pile of red, stick-on dots, with the art and everything else out in front of me. Being comparatively dim, no one mistook me for the artist, who shone unmistakably brightly: the glowing eye of a hurricane: an inscrutable smile above a relaxed frame: a propped right arm, wine glass held aloft meditatively, swaying amidst the whirling atmosphere as it seethed with ever-increasing heat.

I glimpsed him there, flitting above the conflagration, heard the deafening sound of the white, actually pink people scraping into him, shuddering and spinning away devastated, their chalky wings damaged and smoldering. Purposely colliding, one female, the color of a split peach, said, "The beauty you call Notes, Chris; is it meant to convey our lack of individuality within a civilized society?" Chris gave his toothsome smile, hot, green eyes flashing, and sheepishly admitted, "Yes ...that's ... exactly what it means," bursting the woman into flames.

Immediately a flushed male angled himself inside, confiding, "I realize, Chris, that Notes is a message piece; but is it that God has a purpose for each of us, will provide, somewhere, a place for us within the communal whole?" The Artist beamed, wine glass high, repeating breathlessly, "Yes ... that's exactly ... what I meant."

On and on the hurricane burned, coiling upward and outward brightly, weakening the center that, eventually, would fail. Outside the sliding glass, out in the dark land, many sets of ancient, inscrutable eyes watched with semi-interest the ceremonial burning of the hairy, pink monkeys. Me, the puzzled meteorologist just inside the door -- I could only just tag the monkeys' purchased pieces of Chris's soul with my tiny red dots, taking their other-people's' money. At the end, everything had a dot; every piece spun out the glass door on flaming wings.

It was perfect, like ... like if you could put G. Gordon Liddy at the end of 1984.

Andrew Conniff  
senior fine arts  
He says that he is  
sick of violence  
and hateful attitudes about race  
and sexuality. "We  
should be growing  
out of these stages  
by now." He likes  
middle eastern  
food, and he thinks  
that Auburn is "a  
dreamland town."





\* \* \*

I grimaced. "...What short letter, the silence. In the letter he suggested I "Walk the mountain-sides -- none are owned, there are no NO TRESPASSING signs, no razor-wire." He said, "Put your ear to the mossy stone of the mountain and listen." I did that, and I did hear, too, I think, before I left, the whispered song. Now I am losing the momentum of faith, watching the distances for what can no longer be heard, only slightly glowing redly still from past proximity. But set down

"Go to school," he said tentatively, then whispered it a second time. This set down

I sunk slowly, sipping my wine-brew, gazing away. This: was I led all that way for

"Chris ...it's odd there. Remember? You can't just ... be. Not like here. It'll make you get in line." Death or Birth? There was a Death, maybe,

"No." I had doubt and no evidence. I had seen death and birth, But

I looked at him finally, and felt myself needing to believe. We were alive; cooling here somewhere. Hard and bitter agony for me, like Birth, my birth. I returned to our place, this Republic,

African magics were surging through our tomorrow, making us self-ressurrectable from it all; Africa had made the evening possible. But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,

...But how could the new immunity last back there, I wondered, back in that dying With alien people clutching their gods.

place? Obviously it all depended on Chris, who would I should be glad of another Birth --

go before me. If he returned and dropped away, then I Like Poe's: Poe in his premature grave.

would return to also be living-dead. Without proof of

Chris' ever-lasting then I would be burned hollow in

no time, subject again to successive penetrations of

the silver cars driven by the pink monkeys. If he was

lost, see, then I would be easily bent and twisted,

congealed inside a blackened shell of idealism

turned pessimistic, all empty inside a napalm-

flesh, my nuclei shriveled, surrounded by the

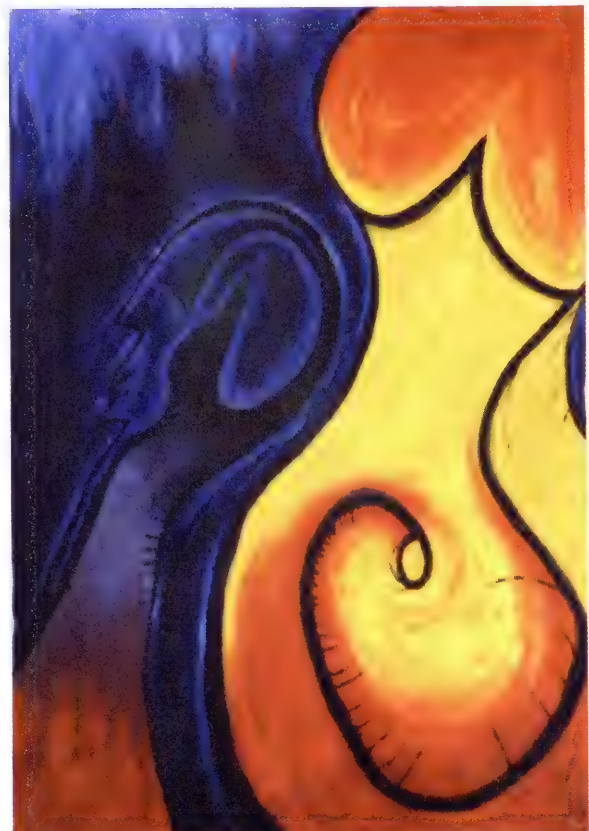
frozen loneliness, the blistering toxicity of

the ineluctable blackness that is human

society without Chris, the artist.

Malachite Sunbird and Red Dwarf Star  
Owen Elmore

Elizabeth Coe  
is a senior in  
graphic design.  
In her spare  
time she likes  
to run, read  
and chase her  
dog Pillar.  
She is also the  
grand daugh-  
ter of David  
Allan Coe.





Lesli  
Underwood  
is a senior  
majoring  
in fine arts  
Her mantra  
is "I hope  
that  
through  
my art the  
viewer will  
respond —  
I want it to  
strike a part  
of them in  
any way, good  
or bad."



Eastaboga Creek  
Byron Durham

If you abruptly shallow and dry,  
My tears would overflow your thighs,  
When between your shores I stare at the sky,  
Your sensuous curves I feel fly me high.

None other joy could ever be so sweet;  
My love, you've made me feel so deep.  
As when I splash in with both feet,  
Your thrills are long, easy, and cheap.

Sweet rippling melodies as you flow,  
Enchant and intoxicate into tender daze.  
Engrossed by the revelations in ears you blow,  
Woody and seduced as upon you I gaze.

I know you not true, but to be pure,  
Therefore my heart rest easy, ...I assure.

13

D. Brooke King is a senior majoring in fine arts.



Byron Durham is a senior majoring in operations management, as well as the business manager for the Circle.

I picked a flower,  
The prettiest one,  
To see it wilt,  
Under the sun.

I saw it curl,  
I saw it cry,  
I saw it's future,  
Begin to die.

But I had to pick,  
The prettiest one.  
I had to see,  
Its life stun.

It could have brought joy,  
To a girl or boy.  
Or someone who needed to smile.

Now it will not witness,  
Its beauty of God,  
To all who sit for a while.

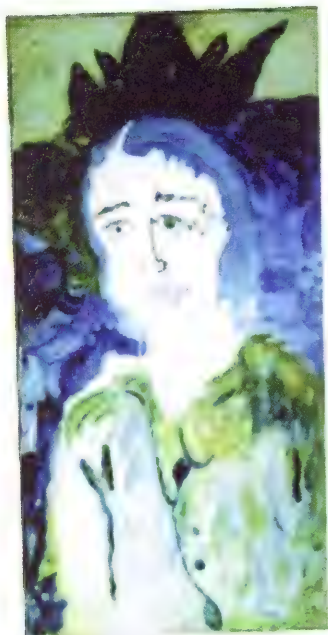
Now it is sweaty in my hand,  
A dying bouquet to see.  
I had to pick the prettiest one,  
It now belongs to me.



Tiffany Burke is a senior majoring in painting. She says that all of her works are very personal. She enjoys working with found objects, and she either sleeps too much or not at all.

—Stephanie Huett





Tiffany Burke

## Is It Too Late?

Our world is a talking box,  
Protected by fences and locks.

Our warm blankets are soaked,  
With alcohol and weed smoked.

Our flag has bullet holes,  
In the stars burnt by coals.

Our children seek a friend,

And time with the computer they spend.

Our time is passing by,  
Will we take a stand, or slowly die?

Stephanie Huett



Tiffany Burke

Before we ever had any serious rules and like was just a little school and chores, and a lot of fun, Ty had been my neighbor. Trussville, Alabama was very close to Birmingham but just far enough on the outskirts that instead of a yard of other houses, we actually had a little bit of forest separating the different neighborhoods. This allowed us to play away from everyone's houses and away from all parental supervision- it was our own country. We had a club that we always renamed because someone would come up with a cooler name than before. We had been the Bikers, the Woodland Kids, Macaroni Munchers, Magic Elves, the Fighting Dobermans, and the Slick Spies. We also had a fort in the woods and endless trails that he and his younger sister, Leslie, had made on their three wheelers. The fort was an old shed that was connected to a house that burned down about twenty years before, so a jungle had practically grown around it and we all had just found it by chance one day hiking near Dead Bird Creek.

It seemed almost haunted, and those woods had always seemed to have some sort of curse on them. When you hopped over the fence or slid through the small hole in it, you could feel the wind hold its breath and the trees grow extremely quiet, as if you were being watched. The barrier from our yard to the woods could be felt more than the fence and barbed wire itself. And when you were running home at dusk to beat the dark, you could feel the safety of your yard calling out to you to hurry as you tried to find the fastest path.

There were eight of us then, most of us eleven and twelve with the exception of a few younger siblings who were nine and ten. There were a lot more of the other kids, the "bad guys" who we liked to refer to as Dan's gang, but they didn't have a fort or anything like ours. Dan Hodges was their leader and I only knew a few others, but we didn't like any of them.

One of them was a boy who's older sister, Sandi, used to baby-sit my brothers and me. She hated coming over to watch three hyper children and we hated her right back, along with her freakish little brother. Finally, Sandi quit after we put our pet mouse in her purse, and I don't think she ever got over being called "brace-face" either.

There were only two girls in our group, Leslie and I, and we were sort of tom boys so that was just fine. Chad Johnson used to "go with" Leslie but soon found another girl and Leslie didn't mind because she really never cared about boys anyway. They were both still in the club after that which was good because that was right before the war.

It had been snowing earlier that day, the light mist that had somehow built up to almost a foot of snow and some drifts even became as high as three feet. Everyone had been excited, even though our parents were nervous that the electricity would go out and all the streets would soon be closed. We had all gone over to Ty and Leslie's house that morning and one section of their yard had already been depleted of snow for a snowman that had pine needles and pine cones sticking out all over.

Ty's mother seemed annoyed that we were all there, indulging in their Christmas brownies and hot chocolate and then running outside, only to come back inside soon, soaked all over again and freezing, fighting over the warmth of the fire.





There was no question that his mother had a temper, she was not one to keep that a secret from any of us. My mother and her friends seemed to hate this woman, something about how she couldn't be trusted around husbands. My dad had said that he was a husband not to worry about, but he also agreed with them in other cases.

Ty and Leslie had be raised by the maid because their mother worked late and often went out at night. Ty had never seen his father he once told someone, but he wanted to become great one day at something, maybe even be on television so his father would be able to see him.

Ty said his mother told him about sex and how you stay away from it unless you're ready to face the responsibility it brings. She told him that she and his father had been seventeen when she became pregnant with him. His father went to college and never talked to her again.

He sent a few child-support checks but they had stopped coming a long time ago. Ty said that was probably what drove her to become a chain-smoker too, another thing she had warned him against that could get you into trouble. That day at Ty and Leslie's house she lit another cigarette as they dashed back outside to find something new to do with the snow.

It was Bob Riley's idea to tie a rope to the three-wheelers and pull the cardboard boxes behind them with riders. This would be kind of like a mixture of sledding and "tubin" behind a boat. We were all begging to ride first and soon Ty and Leslie came out from the back shed with their red Kawasaki's. Bob's idea worked pretty well until to wet Alabama snow turned the cardboard to mush. By this time we had pretty much messed up all of the snow in their two acre lawn. We decided to go inside to warm up and refuel again.

We would clear the way for them and gave them instructions to follow the path we left. Leslie had to be first but they sped up and passed us at one of the trail intersections. The woods must have been so quiet until we roared through, grinding the snow into a cold brown sludge in our path. We set out for the creek and soon came across evidence the someone had just been there -- several footprints, and we could all guess to whom they belonged. Ty pointed and Leslie, Bob, and I all saw at the same time that our neighborhood enemies were hiking about one hundred feet away. They had surely seen us first since you could hear the motors long before seeing us, but they paid no attention to us - maybe they didn't see us.

We decided to take a few back trails and get ahead of them in the direction they were headed and then set up a few of our best booby-traps. Chad and the others would wonder where we went but they would understand when we came back with a victory story to tell them.

(continued on page 18)



Kristin

Branch  
is a recent  
Auburn  
graduate  
with a  
degree in  
corporate  
journalism.

This time their mom warned us with a few harsh words to try to stay outside for at least an hour or two before bringing anymore mud and slush into her house. We didn't know what could keep us busy that long so Ty decided the best thing to do would be to go find more snow in the woods and maybe down at the school's park or Dead Bird Creek. He and Leslie would ride their three-wheelers and Bob could ride with him and I would ride with Leslie. Chad was pretty annoyed that he'd have to walk with his brother and mine but Bob and I were better friends with Ty and Leslie anyway.

## Footprints and Fame cont'd

Of course, we would have to hide somewhere nearby to make sure the traps worked, otherwise that would take all the fun out of it.

Leslie and I took the lead again and we raced off full speed to allow time to set up the traps before Dan's gang made it to them on foot. We found an old bucket on the way and knew what it would be perfect for, we filled it with the water from the creek and then found the old gopher hole along the trail and stuffed the bucket into it. We then covered the hole with snow and pine needles so that it blended with the rest of the trail and used a branch to wipe our tracks away as best we could. This trap was my idea. Then we used some of Ty's fishing line and tied a trip wire between two trees. After this had been touched, it would trigger a branch from above to drop a load of snow on whoever stood, or lay, below.

We could hear them coming so we ran back to the three wheelers we had parked behind some brush and peered out just enough to see the events ready to take place. Ty tried to hold in his snorts as the bucket was stepped into and the ringleader of their group burst into a series of curses about how his leg was now soaked up to the knee. They were too cautious for the next trap to completely work but one guy bent down to show it to the others and upon yanking the line, the snow doused him anyway.

That was when Dan's gang knew they had been set up and they knew someone would probably be around watching and laughing . . . someone that deserved to be punched a couple of times. We all broke the silence with our snickers that had been held in until that last moment, as if someone had passed gas in church and you knew you'd be in for trouble for laughing but there was still no control. They ran toward us and we jumped on the three

wheelers as fast as possible. Leslie and I took off screaming and laughing and Ty started hi just as Dan grabbed Bob's shirt-sleeve. Bob gripped Ty's shirt and waist as if he were trying to become a siamese twin and the power of the three wheeler ripped Bob away from Dan's fury.

They knew the trails almost as well as we did so Leslie had decided to take a new route home. We were just ahead of them and they saw her vehicle dip down to enter the creek. Ty knew Bob was worried and told him they'd done this before. Leslie angled her wheels and climbed out the other side of the creek. I turned to see Ty and Bob plunge down into it next, trying to follow in the exact same tracks. The angry guys were running up behind us and were getting close now as Ty and Bob bounced through the center of the creek bed. We could see that they had lit some dry branches on fire and were going to use them to block their exit from Dead Bird Creek and force us all to surrender. Then, panicking, Ty crazily decided to get out of there before they were trapped and turned sharply up the embankment.



I saw a snow covered rock pelt Bob's back as he seemed to notice that the front wheel was no longer in contact with the ground. He must have weighted the back down too much and, realizing what was about to happen, he let out a yell and tried to dive off to the side. Instead he landed directly in the path of the three wheeler. Ty landed on top of Bob in a frightening and awkward position and in his shock we heard him moan. Leslie and I had wheeled back around by then and even our enemies had stopped and no longer appeared threatening.

I jumped down into the creek and turned off the motor, heaving the vehicle over to the other side with the help of some of the guys. Ty lay there and said that he could not feel his legs and that Bob was not moving.

Some of the other guys had already run home to call for help and Leslie lent her three wheeler to one so that she could stay with her older brother. We all knew better than to move him but we had to get his body off of Bob, whose neck was bent in a way that I had only seen on mutilated Barbie dolls.

We had all forgiven Ty after that event, but we never really saw him much after that. His mother sent him to a boarding school three states away. I could imagine him sitting there, thinking of how maybe now he could join the swim team or something to build his arm muscles. I knew he could never run in a marathon like he once wanted to, but after he grew very strong he could surely be in the front of the races in his wheelchair. Anyway, those are always the first people you see on television, and maybe if he won enough he would become famous.

Footprints and Fame  
Aileen M. Cunningham



Untitled Kristin Branch

# Sun and Moon

Christopher Campbell

My favorite thing to do

is to sit and listen to discussions between the sun and moon.

It is usually around dusk when the moon drops in

Mind you; he does not visit everyday. On his days off,

he frequents black holes and quasars. Nasty places if you ask me.

The sun always greets the moon with warmth and grace

of which the moon accepts with vacant expression.

Like all other creatures, the moon looks to the sun for guidance.

He is a troubled soul, who is most always ill

and is very seldom all there.

He suffers from deterioration and multiple personalities.

His darker half is constantly seizing more control  
over the lighter.

The moon persists in driving at the sun for counsel  
and always remains confused after discourse.

This is because the sun never addresses the question at hand.

He is a master of small talk and always asks the moon if he has  
had any visitors lately to which the moon replies  
with a solemn, "No" (Everyone has been  
afraid of the moon since he took ill).

The sun loves to tell the story of Icarus and loves to play the name  
game (He is quite good).

Not a day goes by that he doesn't laugh about  
the time when the Greeks thought he was some kind of god  
riding a fiery chariot.

The sun is a jealous creature, always taking the day shift  
and stealing the hearts of men.

Secrets are kept by fear.

If the moon were to discover that the sun was his father,  
he would surely turn blood red, and the apocalypse would ensue.

For the apple does not fall far from the tree,  
and its deprivation of shade causes decay.

So it is with the sun and the moon.

Because of the sun's inadequate fathering,

the moon is sick and divided.

Perhaps, it seems vague why I enjoy such painful discourse.

It is merely the enjoyment I find in watching the sun  
dodge his demise (He is quite good).



Before Zoloft Chuck Duck



## moment of clarity

Anonymous

a little drunk  
a little sad  
about a boy  
I wish I had  
he thinks he's smart  
he thinks he's coy  
but I think he's  
a little boy.  
there's no time  
to play these games  
guessing his moods  
guessing his names  
I don't think I  
remember how  
and anyways  
I'm sober now.



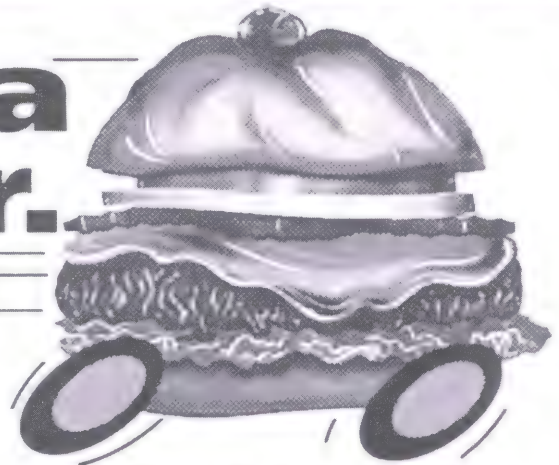
Erin Fitzhugh  
is a senior  
majoring in  
fine arts.

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Negation  
Brett A. Vicario

exit

I exit myself

From a network of tacit confidences  
Held father to son to father.  
A Neglect so profound ●  
It is easy.

The sun is not smiling

Over a thousand backward descriptions.  
“Sissy”, “Queer”, “Girl” they allege  
“I am not what I am not,” he replies.  
But it is hard to hear him  
Standing so close.



For Mathew Chuck Duck



Maybe it's trust  
Kelly Robertson

How can I not help  
but to have these reoccurring dreams  
of wild horses and spinning flowers  
which look at me with uncertainty,  
not knowing who to trust,  
or who to run away from.  
Someone once taught me how to trust,  
but someone else untaught it.  
I listen for the wind to whistle,  
hopefully a tune I'll recognize,  
and silently hum me to sleep.  
Sleep is the ultimate safe haven;  
no worries here;  
(except when the madmen  
must be tranquilized to stop the murder)  
So put me to sleep forever  
and don't try to wake me —  
especially if it's early in  
the morning.  
I will conquer the  
world,  
just give me some  
time  
and someone who  
I can trust,  
and I'll finally  
learn what life  
is really supposed  
to be like.



**Quilt Chair**  
Trina Jones is a senior majoring in fine arts. She says that many of her paintings are based on imagery from her childhood. She bases much of her work on a "quilt-like" theme, because, "not only are quilts beautiful but were, for many years, the only means of artistic expression for women.

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Still life # 4 Jamie Blalock

### Why Does? Margie Cannon

A ceiling fan, high above one's head,  
Twisting about cool, quick, and calm.  
Caressing one's heated flesh,  
A soothing, refreshing balm.

28

Be it ceiling fan or wheels,  
Anything that goes 'round and 'round,  
Holds my son completely mesmerized,  
Those circling motions has him spellbound.

Why do these inanimate objects,  
That have no personalities, no souls,  
Such a wonderment in my child's mind,  
In his eyes, a sight to behold?

The answer lies within autism,  
An affliction of the mind.  
It has no cause nor cure,  
But it leaves heartbreak behind.

There are other characteristics of autism,  
Unfortunately, the list is too long.  
It is not easy to handle, but I love my son,  
And I pray to God to help me be strong.





For Lynn  
Chuck Duck  
is a senior  
majoring  
in painting.  
He says that  
he once got  
to pet Janeane  
Garafolo's  
dog, and he  
and a friend  
once stalked  
Kristi McNicol  
at an outlet  
mall in Gulf  
Shores.

## Deryck Hodge

The black eyeliner began to run down into his eyes, and his eyes were starting to burn. Dizzy pinched at the corners of both eyes with one hand as he searched for his keys in the pocket of his black leather pants with the other. The light above his apartment door was not very bright, but it burned bright enough to add to the sting in his eyes and to illuminate the 309 that hung above the peep-hole. He found the keys, then he dropped them, and when he bent over to pick them up, sweat dripped into his eyes. Sweat and eyeliner combined, and the combination burned his eyes so badly that they began to water.

Dizzy managed to get his apartment unlocked and fumbled through the door almost tripping over the two pair of shoes. He had kicked off his dress loafers when he came home from work, and a pair of black army boots was left over from last night's trip to the club. Dizzy reached down to slip off his black ankle boots before traipsing across the carpet toward the couch. The stinging in his eyes was demanding for his full attention, but he always took off his shoes before entering his home. His mother had taught him that.

Dizzy slumped down on the couch. He was a little reluctant to turn on the lights. He was afraid that the light might bother his eyes, but he also enjoyed the quiet that seemed to accompany the darkness. The late-night quiet moments were why Dizzy liked staying at the clubs until early in the morning. In the daylight, where normal working and living took place, things seemed loud and messy to Dizzy. Sure, you could see and hear things better in the daylight, but that wasn't always a good thing to Dizzy. The quieter moments were harder to find in the daylight. His mother had proven that to be a fact. She gave all she had to the daylight world, and she was left with nothing to show for it except a permanent position at St. Jude's and round-the-clock care from people she never knew. Dizzy had no intentions of giving all that he had to some daylight job only to be rewarded by forced retirement and a stroke before the age of 55, so he sat there on the couch and enjoyed his quiet moment. Once the lights were on, the buzz of the electricity would destroy the moment and he would be back to the daylight world. Dizzy was going to enjoy the quiet as long as he could.



Dizzy used the end of his purple t-shirt to clear the eyeliner from his eyes. He had chosen to go to one of the rougher, industrial clubs in town, and black eyeliner seemed like a good idea at the time. He had gone to the same club before, and he noticed that everyone -- guys and girls -- were wearing eyeliner. The eyeliner seemed like a hip thing, something that no one from the daylight world would do, and Dizzy was glad to give it a try. He had no way of knowing that three hours of dancing with twenty other people in a smoke filled club could wreak so much havoc with his eyes. He was sure he would never do the eyeliner thing again, though he might go back to the club.

After clearing the smudged eyeliner from his face, Dizzy spent what was left of the night on the couch dozing in and out of sleep. When he woke at seven, he reached across the couch and turned on the long, skinny halogen lamp that stretched toward the ceiling. It was now daylight, and Dizzy could avoid the world no longer. His participation in the daylight world was much like a sports fan's participation in a sporting event. The fan thinks he knows everything about the sport and even barks at all the players and coaches like he does, but in reality, the fan has never played the sport and only knows one aspect of the sport. Dizzy was only familiar with one dimension of the daylight world, and everything else he avoided.

Even though he was the one who had turned on the lamp, Dizzy was startled by the sudden brightness of the light. Dizzy was always unsettled by quick changes. His body jerked instinctively because of the quick shift to the daylight world, and he sat up so fast that he knocked his knees against the coffee table. Dizzy glanced left and right across the table as his eyes adjusted to the light. Squinting, he took notice of the magazines that lined the top of the table; an issue of *Writer's Digest* was mixed in with a handful of *Rolling Stone* back issues. Dizzy reached down to a

small drawer that hid itself underneath the table's edge and pulled out a large manila envelope from inside the drawer.

A name and address appeared on the envelope:

Dizzy Peacock  
145 Lake Shore Drive, Apt, 309  
Forth Worth, TX 76103

The return address indicated an office building somewhere in California, and the address was located below a Rolling Stone logo that covered the entire top left corner of the envelope. Dizzy laid the envelope's contents out onto the table. The first page had SUBMISSIONS GUIDELINES printed in large dark letters across the top of the page.

Dizzy lifted the paperwork from the coffee table, and examined the instructions. The directions were clear and straightforward and seemed easy enough. Dizzy did have some experience writing; he had been a reporter for his college paper. He had even won some awards for his work. It was then that he adopted the name Dizzy Peacock, back when he first started spending all his evenings in bars. He would go out clubbing every night and spend his days writing about the latest group to play the campus or the hottest thing going in the music world. Now, Dizzy still spent every night at a bar checking out the latest thing musically, but he spent his days at an office crunching numbers for a company that was not even aware of his existence.

Dizzy tossed the paperwork on the table. He knew that he could do whatever he wanted to do. He could leave that daylight job if he really wanted to do that. He could spend his days writing for Rolling Stone, spend his nights checking out new bands at clubs all across the country, and he could be free of the daylight world. His mom had given up her life for that very reason -- so that he could make it out of the daylight world. He had to make it out.

Dizzy looked up from the table, and noticed that it was 7:25. He got up from the couch and headed toward his bedroom. He opened his closet and searched through the suits that hung on the rack. He picked out one of his dark navy suits and laid it across the bed. As he looked back from the bed to the closet, Dizzy noticed that each of his suits was made in some shade of dark navy. He knew that he owned nothing but dark suits, but he had never realized that every single suit was navy. He took a second glance at the closet. Next to the suits hung his nightlife clothing, dark jeans and leather pants, as well as jackets of all colors. His nightlife attire was definitely more colorful than his daylight suits, but the daylight suits outnumbered the club clothing.

D i z z y

looked at the arrangement of the clothes in his closet, and something didn't look quite right to him. None of the suits and none of the club clothes looked like anything he could remember buying for himself. He knew that he had worn most everything in the closet at some point in his life, but he couldn't remember what it was about the clothing that had caused him to buy it. And which did he like better? Did he like the suits, or did he like the club outfits? He didn't know.

Dizzy walked back into the living room of his apartment, and he saw that the whole apartment was decorated in mixed signals. The couch, the coffee table, the entertainment system, all covered in dull, drab colors. Black. White. Gray. The pictures that hung on the wall, paintings that he had bought from some of Fort Worth's most prestigious galleries, were done in vibrant colors. Red. Yellow. Orange.

Dizzy stepped over to the door. He needed to look outside. He had to know if the whole world was as confused as his apartment. As he stepped from the carpet, he noticed the shoes that were piling up around the doorway. There it was again: reasonable loafers sat at the edge of the carpet, framed between two pair of black boots. He picked up one of the loafers and one of the boots. Which one was it going to be? I won't choose, he thought, and he threw the loafer across the room. The shoe hit one of the paintings on the wall across from the door, and both shoe and painting slid down the wall and came to rest on the floor. The shoe and painting lay there on the floor looking



quite  
com-  
fortable  
with each  
other.

Dizzy returned  
to the living  
room, and again,  
he dropped down  
onto the sofa. The  
paperwork from Rolling  
Stone was still strewn  
across the coffee table. He  
picked up the papers, and he  
remembered that he had always  
wanted to be a writer. He thought  
back to the earliest memory that he had  
of himself as a child. He was on the floor,  
he had paper and crayon, and he was drawing  
ugly pictures of monsters and adventurers. The  
pictures were crude, but in the only way a child could,  
he was telling stories. Suddenly, he hated his mom for los-  
ing herself in the daylight.

Dizzy noticed the clock again. This time it was  
7:45, and he knew that he would be late for his daylight  
job. He put the Rolling Stone papers back into their enve-  
lope, and he placed the envelope back in its hiding place.  
He got up from the couch and finished getting ready for  
work. He might come back to the envelope tomorrow, he  
thought, or he might just forget that it was there.





Heather Upchurch is a senior majoring in graphic design. She says that she likes to use metallic materials in her artwork, "to give it a futuristic feel." Heather invites everyone who enjoys digital art to visit her webpage, [http://members.tripod.com/Mistress\\_Syn](http://members.tripod.com/Mistress_Syn)

# H o m e

I passed by you today  
As you stood on the hill  
And I hated the strangers  
Who sat on the swing  
by my windowsill

Do they know you  
The way I did?  
Jealousy was in my throat  
As I longed to climb up to you  
Like when I was a kid

You sheltered and protected me  
When I was very young  
You held a special place inside  
Just for me alone

But they took you long ago  
Would you remember me  
Or the happy and sad  
Would you recall the puppies  
Or my dad?

They were taken from me too  
Soon after you were gone  
You wouldn't know  
my brother now  
It has been so long

They've changed you outside  
Are you the same within?  
I'll never know  
I can't go in

Jodie Harbison

Jodie Harbison is a sophomore in journalism



U n t i t l e d

## Jodie Harbison

His dark wet eyes squeezed tight  
Little hands reached up to wipe  
Hot tears from his blue cheek  
That baby loves his mama  
He's not first on her list

That baby loves his mommy

Even when she kisses him with her fist  
His dreams sometime come  
From the trunk of her car  
He's safe locked in there  
Mom knows he won't go far  
That angel loves his mother  
Even when he's left alone  
That child loves his mama  
And misses her when she's gone  
Mom is getting pale and skinny

He's just a little boy  
His problems are too many  
But that baby loves his mama  
And he wouldn't dare to squeal  
Because that angel loves his mommy  
Though she's too far gone to feel

Patrick Hanson





Doug Cordes  
is a senior in  
graphic design.  
He is a member  
of Auburn  
University  
Singers. He  
wants to be a  
rock 'N roll star.  
And designed the  
Frederich Child  
Millenial lounge.

Carlie  
Cranford  
is a senior in  
graphic design.



## The Power of Faith: The Child Within Us

### Laural Craig

Through the depths of our souls, our true self emerges. Standing tall, standing proud. Standing, staring at us like a confused young child. Even still fighting for what we think we believe, and passionate in every degree. Faithful to our deaths— and still thereafter. Then the end comes and we become one.

Stepping through that which we know no more, we find ourselves stripped down to the bone. Here in this place we are forced to face ourselves. Alone with no others to hear our sadness, our confusion, our forever constant voices who scream in rage. Angry with the fear of the unknown, the fear of the truth that the voices behold to us.

We come here, to this dark and lonely place, to find ourselves. Into the minds of those who taught us ... ourselves. We find our hope, our inspiration. The faithful heart of the child, that once so passionately urged us along on our journeys, envelops us, becoming our reality as the reality we once knew so well fades away into the distant yesterday.

37

Through the confusion, that we had once called life, we found our stability, called faith. Freedom of spirit comes through the sacrifice of the adult, who sought truth through his wisdom, and the emergence of the child who found truth in his faith.

The child we believed to be so confused always knew the answer. He was the wisdom that life had not brought to your disposal and he was the truth that could never be uncovered. He was the answer to your everlasting life. And yet all he ever asked of you was to *believe*.





Patrick Hanson is a senior in fine arts, concentrating in sculpture. He's won awards in the two previous Student Fine Arts competitions. He plans to graduate in the Spring, and eventually he wants to teach.

The Black Pinhole

Stephen Gaither

The black pinhole  
Deep inside my heart has  
Spread its cold icy fingers through  
My body leaving it dark and empty  
Stabbing my stomach

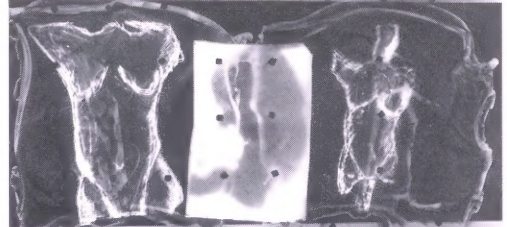
Like knives making it feel empty

And brittle, my lungs, my breath  
Short an labored, lungs filling with  
Icy water. The heart pumps harder,  
Harder; colder, colder; the ice tears

And tears until nothing is left

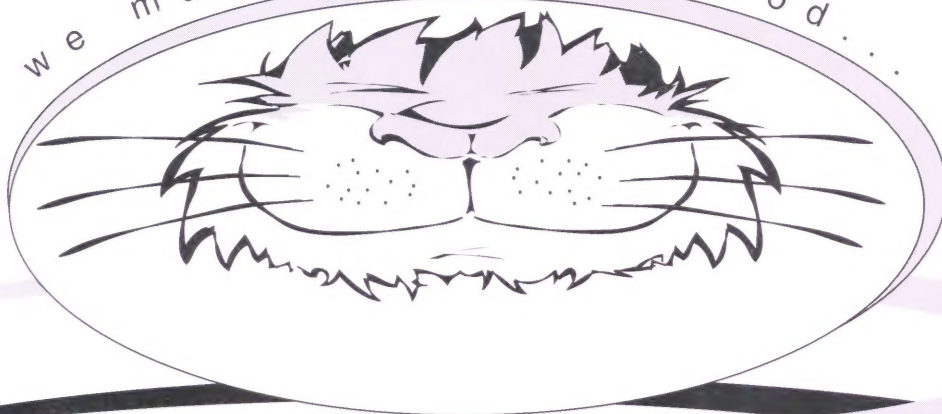
But an empty cold and desolate  
Wasteland, no sleep, no relief.

The ice spreads further,  
Further, yet the ice turns to a  
Burning, raging fire in my mind  
A blinding fire urging destruction  
Urging pain, no sleep, no sleep,  
Rage, pain, emptiness, eternal.



Patrick Hanson

we make this look good...



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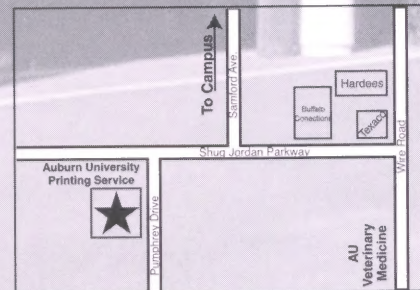
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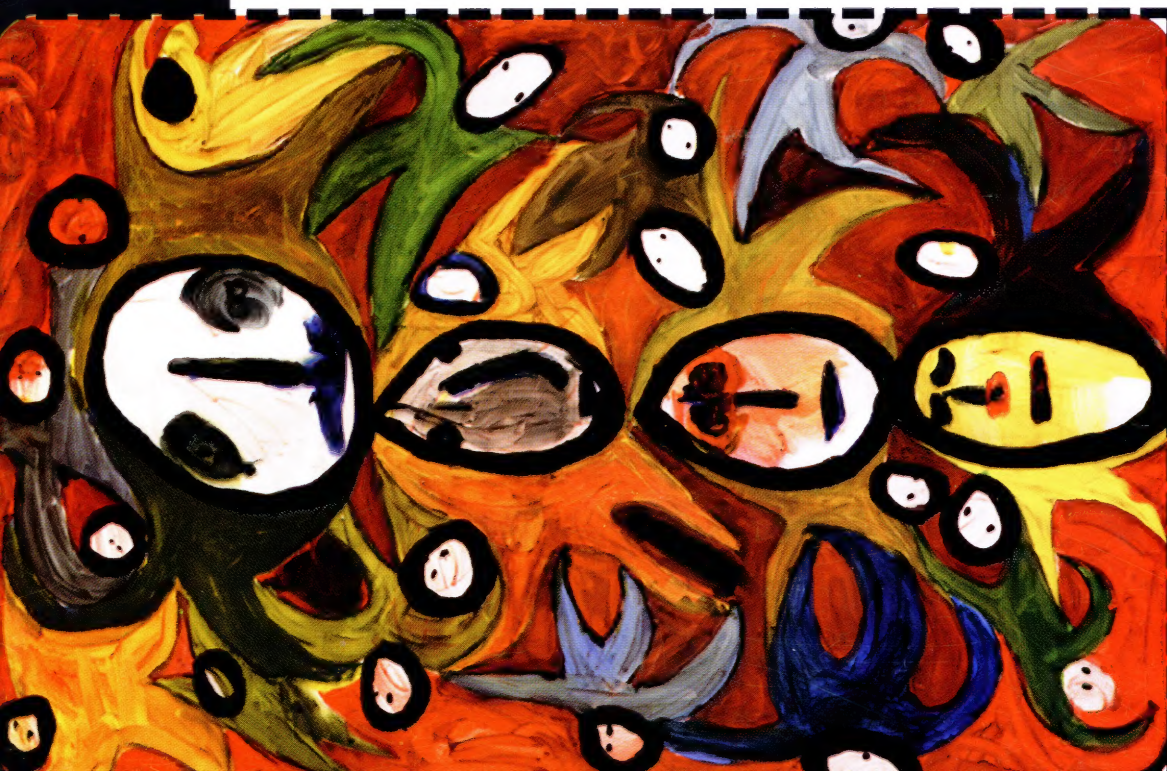
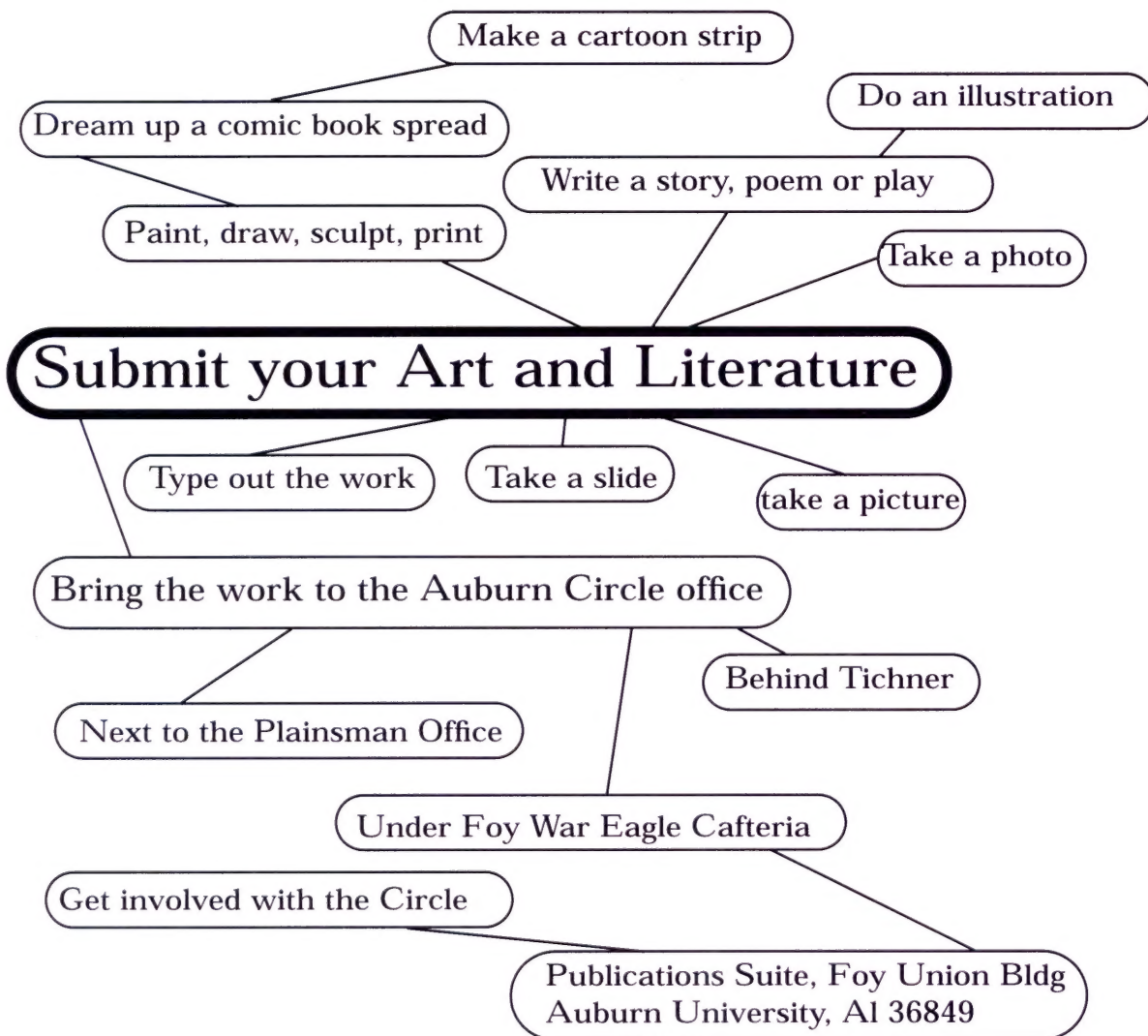
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